

ON THE
PEACE:
A
POEM.

Humbly Inscrib'd

TO THE

Most Honourable

The EARL of

Oxford and Mortimer,

Lord High Treasurer

OF

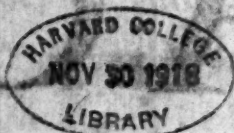
GREAT-BRITAIN, &c.

By *M. SMITH*, Gent.

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*Gift of
J. Pierpont Morgan*

ON THE
P E A C E :
A
P O E M.

AT length the *Work* is done, a *Work* so Great
As ask'd the strongest Energy of Fate,
So Glorious beyond all that has a Name,
Twill stretch the Lungs, and burst the Trump of Fame.
With specious Shews of *Liberty* beguil'd,
Beneath *Aegyptian Bondage* long we Toyl'd,
Brick without Straw at last compell'd to make,
And mortgag'd (e'er enjoy'd) our latest Stake;
Factions who durst their Saucy Notions own,
Like *Pharaoh's Frogs* sat Croaking round the Throne;

Audaciously presuming to defy

The Anger of Affronted Majesty;

For Puff'd with Pride, with Luxury and Ease;

No *Prince* can Rule 'em, nor no *God* can please;

Who tho' they're loaded with Redundant Store,

Yawn like the Sea and Grave to swallow more,

And all within the Verge of Honour lies

To Av'rice and Ambition Sacrifice.

When now by subtil Wiles and secret Stealth,

They had Possess'd Themselves of all the *Wealth*,

And that by Nat'l Consequence at length

Did render them Possess'd of all the *Strength*,

These made secure, next *Machiavilian* Plot,

Was to Perpetuate the Pow'r they'd got;

For this they 'ngross all Favours of the *Throne*,

Disposing them to Creatures of their own,

Watching each Word and Glance of *Majesty*,

Nor suffer others to approach her Eye,

Conscious their Treachery might be Disclos'd,

And *Faction* Wiles by *Loyalty* oppos'd:

To strengthen further their Occult Design

With *Foreigners* seditiously they joyn,

And make them *Guardians* of the *Royal Line*;

} While

While such They for this weighty Charge Address,
As their Contempt of Monarchy Confess.

The Rich the *Juncto* Form, the rest Decoy'd
With Shews of *Blessings* ne'er to be enjoy'd,
Their *Properties* secur'd, their wholesome *Laws*
Inforc'd, nor Subject to Insults by Flaws,
And their *Religion* (ne'er too dearly bought)
Well-Fenc'd—*Heav'n's*; how shou'd that approach
their Thought.

These the *Decoy* which hid their main Intent,
Which only *Plunder* and *Sedition* meant;
And Thus by *Frauds* and *Strategems* they Rul'd;
And Thus the Nation *Bubb'd* was and *Fool'd*.

Heav'n offer'd *Peace* to Bless our Drooping Clime;
But if 'twas *Heav'n's*, it was not yet Their Time;
MORDANT the Darling Hero of the Age
Alone had struck the Blow and clear'd the Stage,
No *Roman* e'er was Charg'd with so much Fire,
Nor to such bold *Adventures* durst aspire.
Wall'd round by vast extended Pow'rs which know
No Want, whilst *Crowded Coffers* overflow,

A General may Conquer by such Odds,
 And yet be never number'd with the Gods;
 But *Thou* (THY SELF an ARMY,) with a Few,
 Scarce more than to thy Equipage were due,
 Uncloath'd, Unfed, save what thy Bounty gave,
 (Ordain'd by *Heav'n* to Conquer and to Save)
 Such Wonders did'st, and such tall Trophies raise,
 As scarce will gain a Faith in Future Days;
 No Forts, nor no Intrenchments cou'd withstand
 Your Forces, sent like Bolts at *Jove's* Command,
 Until at length so formidable grown,
 Your NAME engag'd, and Conquer'd too alone,
 But *Envy* rais'd from Hell, had now possess'd
 With all her Angry Snakes a Mortal Breast;
 No timely Succours must your Prowis Aid,
 But rather *You Your Self*, a Victim made.
 Your Valour was your Crime, had you gone on,
 Your Bulk had then Eclips'd a Rising Sun;
 Yet shall your Name be eccho'd through the Skies,
 When his in dark Oblivion buried lies.

But PEACE must not so suddenly be gain'd,
 Least by the Cheapness of it 'tis prophan'd,
 Or rather 'till the Nation's further drain'd;

First at th' Expence of Millions t'other *Dance*,
 And then we're surely in the *Heart of France*,
 Then we shall triumph, — yes, just as we've done
 Near twice twelve *Revolutions* of the Sun;
 But did these wondrous *Politicks* prevail
 To play our *Last Stake* off — say shou'd we fail!
 No doubt but *France* wou'd Glorious *Peace* bestow
 On those *Disabled*, for another Blow.

At length the *Cheat* we saw, but ah! too late,
 We saw it, but beneath *Impending Fate*,
 The *Loyal Doves* are forc'd to yield the Day,
 And to become the *Factions Vulture's* Prey.

Ah! poor *Britania*, how art Thou declin'd,
 And all those Rays *Eclips'd*, so brightly shin'd:
 Thou who above the Stars did'st rear thy Head,
 And to the Distant Poles thy Blessings shed,
 Courted by all the Potentates on Earth,
 As if a Goddess sprung from Heav'nly Birth,
 While thy Sagacious Head, and steady Hand,
 The *Ballance* of all *Europe* did Command;
 Thy Wealthy Stores, incessantly supply'd
 From farthest Coasts with ev'ry Wind and Tide;

The

The Magazine of Arts, no Species known
 Of Science through the Globe but was thine own;
 Thy Sons beheld by Neighb'ring Realms with dread,
 While each might well a Royal Army Head;
 On ev'ry Turn of Fate thy Aid implor'd,
 By all at once Belov'd, Fear'd, and Ador'd;
 How art thou fall'n from all those envy'd Odds,
 Proclaim'd Thee once the Darling of the Gods;
 By thine *own Sons* thy Glory is betray'd,
 By them thy Honour is a Victim made;
 Their Country and their Conscience too they've sold,
 And wou'd their God (if in their Pow'r) for Gold.

Thus while this fullen Cloud (excluding Light)
 Sat brooding all these Guilty Deeds of Night,
 Behold a *Priest* (b'auspicious Heav'n inspir'd,
 And by a Zeal for Sacred *Doctrines* Fir'd,
 Starts boldly up, and loudly (as became
 His Function) dar'd those Sacred *Truths* proclaim,
 Struck at the *Faction's Body* till the Blow
 Made it to Tremble to the Root below;
 Pull'd off the *Vizard*, shew the ugly Fiend
 And sad Catastrophy must Crown the End;

Discover'd the Ingend'ring Snakes which were
 Preparing Poyson to Infect the Air,
 That thence th' Effluvioms might the Vitals seize
 Of all the Realm, and Taint it with Disease :
 The *Truths* so obvious were, that all at once
 Their Faith in those false Patriots renounce,
 All but the *Juncto* and those bubbl'd Fools,
 Whose wretched Talents fashon'd 'em for Tools ;
 These by those bright Discoveries Alarm'd,
 And all the Fuel feeds their Faction warm'd,
 Like Incens'd Furies throw their Baleful Eyes
 Around, and threaten both the Earth and Skies ;
 Insult the Priest, by *Innuendo's* Weak,
 To urge *Conclusions* (ne'er intended) seek ;
 In Him *Insulted Holy Precepts* brought
 From *sacred Writ*, and what our Saviour taught ;
 Nay, they *Resent* (to shew their Malice more)
 From Him what met with their *Applause* before ;
 Not *Majesty* it self cou'd awe their Spight,
 For they *insulted* to *Her Face* Her Right.

These Black Attempts (unrivall'd by the like)
 A shudd'ring Horror through the Kingdom strike,

So much had ANNA's Love ingross'd their Hearts,
 At once they All Detest those Wicked Arts,
 As to the Authors now their Love Decreast,
 They Rais'd it to their *Queen*, and Hugg'd the *Priest*.

The Nation thus Reclaim'd, high Time 'twas found
 This with a *Revolution* shou'd be crown'd,
 But ah! who such *Herculean* Labour Dares,
 As to *Reform* these Intricate Affairs;
 T'oppose a *Faction* furnish'd with Supplies
 From endless *Stores*, and strengthened with *Allies*
 Possess'd of all the *Dignities* of *State*,
 Great in Themselves, and in *Alliance* Great;
 Vers'd in all *Subtilties*, that cou'd disguise,
 With face of Loyal Truth, Disloyalty and Lies:
 And then *Negotiate* with the *Gallie Court*,
 Whose Politics
 The Empire of the World might well support:
 Not *Matchi'vil* or *Richleu* such a Task
 Wou'd tempt, much less the Management wou'd ask,
 A *Senate* well might sink beneath the Load,
 Much fitter for the *Conduct* of a *God*:
 Yet HARLEY This to Your Immortal Fame,
 You Dar'd, Pursu'd, and Bravely Overcame;

You

You Trac'd the *Faction*, through their various *Forms*,
 Dispis'd their *Fawnings* and Defy'd their *Storms*,
 Saw through their *Stratagems*, tho' laid so deep,
 They seem i'th' Center of the Earth to sleep;
 Not Threats of Death on Your Great Soul prevail'd,
 Which through an Ocean of such Dangers sail'd;
 Your *Suff'ring Country* call'd Your *Virtue* forth,
 Your *Virtue* rous'd and with unrivall'd Worth,
 (To save from Misery Your *Native Isle*)
 Contemn'd the Hazzard and Imbrac'd the Toyl,
 So *Curtius* when the Oracle declar'd
 If He was lost, his *Country* shou'd be spar'd,
 Into the *Fatal Gulph* Himself He cast,
 Sunk down at first, but rose a *Star* at last.
 Tho *You* as certain Dangers have occur'd,
 Yet *Heav'n* to like *Catastrophy* demurr'd,
 As being for Superiour Deeds ordain'd,
 And Honours which till now were ne'er obtain'd,
 Or can by Acquisitions e'er Increase,
 And That's to Crown your Labours with a *PEACE*;
 Vast the Fatigue, Incessant were the Pains,
 Yet Glorious the Result and Great the Gains;

For such a *PEACE* your Deep and Lab'ring Thought,
 Upon so firm a *Basis* too has wrought,
 Our Ancient *Luster* it will soon restore,
 And make Us *Wealth'ier* than we were before;
 Oh! may your Grateful Country *Trophies* raise;
 As may transmit to future Times your Praise,
 Whose Dayly Labours, and Nocturnal Cares
 (Debarr'd of Rest) were Spent for Them and Theirs:
 May late *Posterity* the *Theam* adorn,
 Who eas'd 'em of their *Loads* e'er they were Born;
 Yes, *You* shall *Live*, and with Refulgent Glory
 ('Till Time will be no more) shall *Grace our British*

Story.

She comes, Behold the *Charming Goddess* comes,
 Furl up your Colours, and unbrace your Drums,
 Farewell *Bellona*, a long, long Adieu
 To all your Instruments of Death and *You*:
 When Poverty and Slaughter next we Court,
 And Fancy Ling'ring Misery a Sport,
 On sure Distruction Dote, then We'll implore
 Thy Presence, *Rough Bellona*, not before:
 See yond *Saraphic Form*, with what a Grace
 (Ten thousand Beauties playing round her Face)

She

She Moves to Great *Augusta's* Court prepar'd
 For Joys, near half an Age she never shar'd,
 Her shining Equipage in Plenteous Show'rs,
 As She moves on, Her welcome Blessings Pours,
 Gladding each Heart, and Bright'ning ev'ry Eye,
 While *Jubilations* Eccho through the Skie.

As when the *Mariner* in direful Storms,
 Has Death beheld in all its Horrid Forms,
 Tost to the Heights whence *Lucifer* once Fell,
 And then shot down ev'n to the Verge of Hell,
 While crashing Thunders the Mid-Region Tear,
 And Sheets of Blazing Lightning sidge the Air;
 To add to his Distress, his *Wealth* he finds
 Giv'n to the Sea, and his *Hopes* to the Winds;
 At length a *Calm* succeeds, the Skie grows clear,
 And He with Rapture views his Native Country near:
 So in Tumultuous Waves of *Faction* we
 Have long been plung'd, more dang'rous than the Sea
 Pillag'd of all our *Wealth*, our *Strength* Decay'd,
 Our *Hopes* all vanish'd, and our *Souls* dismay'd,
 When lo! upon the bright Approach of P E A C E,
 Our Griefs disperse, and all our Sorrows Cease.

Hail smiling *Goddeſs*, welcome to our Iſle,
 At thy Divine Approach all Nations ſmile,
 The *Darling* of the Deity, whoſe Love
 Prefers *Thee* to the brighteſt Forms above;
 And when He's pleas'd his Favourites to Grace,
 He gives thy Charming *Self* to their Imbrace;
 When cruel *Wars*, with their Impetuous Rage,
 Have fill'd with bloody Scenes the Groaning Stage,
 And all beneath Oppreſſive Loads, in vain,
 With flowing Tears and ſcalding Sighs complain;
 One Glimpſe of *Thee* new Scenes of Joy prepares,
 Relieves our Anguiſh, and expells our Cares;
Wars are the Scourge of *Heav'n*, which offers *Thee*,
 As *Pledge* o'th' *Reconciled Deity*.

But what muſt They expect who ſtill Repine,
 And *Mercy*, They ne'er merited, decline,
 Who tho' They Droop beneath Affliction's Rod,
 Had rather *Sink* than own the *Saving God*;
 Ungrateful Wretches know the Pow'rs Above,
 Will ſoon Revenge Contempt of proffer'd Love,
 When we're Reliev'd, will ſtill increaſe your Weight,
 And Laugh at your *Repentance* come too late.

But

But You, whose Printiples have been secure
 'Gainst all Assaults, and cou'd all Storms endure,
 And whom, nor Wealth, nor Grandeur cou'd Allure;
 Firm to your *Church*, and Faithful to your *Queen*,
 If you have suffer'd in the Tragic Scene,
 Where *Sophistry* supply'd the Room of *Sense*,
 With Men *just Loyal* in their own *Defence*,
 Your *Blisful Hours* approach, which will requite
 With bright long *Summer-Days* your *Winter's Night*.

Cease, cease, my *Muse*, and for a while retire
 For fresh Recruits and to augment your Fire,
 For Thou must Tempt a Task so Tall, so wide,
 So vast, thy Greatest Skill it may deride,
 Yet *Sprung*, Thou now must on and fly at All,
 At least, 'tis Brave, in such Attempts to Fall.

All Hail, Illustrious ANN, in Pow'r so Great,
 You awe the World like universal Fate,
 Far-distant *Monarchs* with a Pride contend,
 Whose *Virtue* best shall court You for a *Friend*;
 The *BALLANCE* of all *Europe's* in your Hand,
 Whose Rights and Royalties You may command,
 And whether 'tis your Pleasure to supply,
 You'll quickly make the other Kick the Skie:

The

The Gallia Potentate whole Towering Soul,
 None but your Greater Genius could Controul,
 Disdaining Terms from other Pow'rs, to You
 He Sues for Peace, and makes You *Umpire* too;
 Gives All you Ask, and more than Ask'd before,
 Profusely gives 'till you can ask no more,
 From which we such Advantages shall Reap,
 As soon will All our Suff'rings lull a Sleep;
 Nay, from those Acquisitions greater Stores
 Amass, than ever crown'd the *British* Shores.
 Not so a *Former Treaty* which *Heav'n* knows,
 Gave our *Allies* the Profits, us the *Blows*;
 But when the Subtil Game again was play'd,
 And We a *second Time* to be *Betray'd*,
 You then assum'd full Majesty and Shew
 Maternal Passion for Your Subject's Due,
 Cast off the Snakes you'd warm'd and in their Room
 Plac'd Patriots who Revers'd our Threaten'd Doom;
 And tho' the Haughty *Juncto* dar'd to hope
 Their Pow'r too Great for Majesty to Cope,
 You the Presumptuous Wretches taught to know
Heav'n its *Vicegerents* always aids below;

Struck

Struck Dumb with such Superior Pow'r, the rest
 They're forc'd to stifle in their Lab'ring Breast;
 While conscious Guilt suppress their soaring Thought,
 And all their Projects to Confusion brought.
 In these Results such Rays of *Wisdom* shone
 They with new Lustre gilded all your Throne
 Evincing by their Consequence you have been
 As well our *Guardian-Angel* as our *Queen*.

When Future Ages shall Your *Annals* read,
 They'll think 'em *Tests* for *Strongest Faith's* Decreed;
 For by their spacious Bulk they will appear
 An Age of *Wonders* crowded in each Year;
 So Grand, Magnificent while *Neighbouring States*
 At Your *Disposal* leave their several Fates,
 Your *Wisdom* in their greatest Streights Address,
 And all Y^r *Advise* for *Oracles* confess;
 Well may surrounding Realms Your Worth Adore,
 Well Your auspicious Counsels may Implore,
 Since like a *Tut'lar God* Your *Blessings* fall
 Not only on this *Empire*, but on *All*;
 For tho' you'd long Obtain'd a Glorious *Peace*
 For Your own Kingdom's Honour, Wealth and Ease,

The Full Conclusion nobly you decline,
 'Till with like Rays You cou'd on others shine,
 At length 'tis done unrivall'd in all Story
 Both for consummate *Conduct* and the *Glory*.

Like the *Arcana* of the *Gods* you kept,
 Such *Silence*, all believ'd the *Project* slept,
 While others of a weaker Faith wou'd have,
 Just from the *Womb*, 'twas carry'd to the *Grave*;
 When on the sudden Wide and High it blaz'd,
 Well Rooted too, and all the World amaz'd;
 Each Article with such Success did move,
 'S if ev'ry Step was influenc'd from Above;
 And You the *Favourite* of *Heav'n*'s alone,
 With all its Angels watching round your Throne.

Ye Happy *Britons*, what transcendent Zeal,
 What Victims can your *Gratitude* reveal?
 Your *Lives* and *Fortunes* will not quit the score,
 (To those she had a *Nat'ral Right* before)
 For your *Successors* will their *Blessings* owe
 To Her the Fountain, whence they all must flow;
 All You Possess is far too short, then try
 What may atone for your *Insolvency*:

Let

Let *Loyalty* Compound, and *Duty* Shew
 A *Will* at least to pay the *Debt* is Due ;
 And let your frequent *Pray'rs* and *Incense* Rise
 Until they reach the *Throne* above the Skies,
 When thither on the Wings of *Ardour* Fled,
 Implore the *choicest Blessings* on *Her Head*,
 That when She shall resign This *Crown*, She may
 Reign in the Regions of Eternal Day.

I see, I see the *Halcyon* Days advance ;
 Beginning Hand in Hand to lead the Dance,
Pacifick Angels with their Instruments,
 The Measures Strike and Providence Assents ;
 With Joy, with Jubilation on they move,
 Joyn'd by the mutual Bands of smiling Love ;
 And as they move their shining Wealth they pow'r,
 (More Rich than *Jove* descending in a Show'r ;)
 The *Loyal* to Regale, who pleas'd confess
 Their grateful Hearts and ANNA's Conduct Bless :
 Whilst Env'ous Grinning *Faction* quits the Stage,
Expell'd in This, and *Curst* the following Age ;

Unable longer to endure the Light,
Retires to hide Herself in Shades of Night,
Nor more Her Inauspicious Looks shall dare
To vex our Quiet, or Infect our Air.

For all these Benefits our Thanks are due.

T' Illustrious ANNA first, and HARLEY next to
You;

F I N I S.
